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SQUARE.

TRAMP WIRE.

In the investigation now going on numbers of electric wires with a high tension current for which nobody can be held responsible have been discovered. They are strung for short distances for motor purposes. Some of the worst lack of insulation was in these wires for which nobody could be found responsible.

It is hard enough to fasten responsibility for accidents from defective wires upon corporations which confess to the ownership of them. But when it is almost impossible to run them to ground in case of casualties. Now that things are being cleared up, let this abuse be looked to. Mr. WHEELER did right in cutting down these tramp wires wherever he found them.

Yesterday the crowd that gathered in the street in the several places where a line man was aloft in a nest of wires showed that the people are keenly alive to the menace that the wires are.

Settle things right, if the city is left in the dark for a month. Don't give up because the companies yield slowly.

GET OFF THE FENCE.

Every day shows Chicago putting out a new tentacle to draw the World's Fair to the Windy City. She has plenty of wind in this race—long wind. In the mean time New York laughs in a comfortable way at the throes of the Western city and continues its portentous inactivity. It would be well to remember that he laughs best who laughs last. Nothing will ever be done here unless the moneyed men wake up and tap their purses. They may sit on the fence for months and whistle to raise the wind. They will only blow the World's Fair Chicagoward by the breath they expend this way. Get down and contribute. Chicago is giving too many object lessons in the way to get the World's Fair for New York to be sluggish. Off the fence.

MAY THE BEST CLUB WIN.

It is done. Both the big baseball pennants will flutter over the metropolitan district. Brooklyn, too, shouts "We are!" when the old question comes up: "Who are the people?" But there are people and people. Now for the final struggle, in which will be decided the world's championship and the question of who are the people. Hurrah for the Giants! Hurrah for the Grooms! And here's to a great battle.

Evangelizing the heathen is an expensive work. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, now in session here, report an expenditure the past year of \$685,152.98. For this year they ask an additional sum of \$200,000. How many heathen have been converted is not stated. At the same time Bishop Johnson, Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, deplored eloquently the growing heathenism of civilization. He deprecated the inroads into the Church itself of scepticism and agnosticism. Can it be that a Missionary Band is needed for the clergymen?

Lieut. ROBERT M. G. BROWN has recreated well this Summer. He was at Deer Park and put in much time in making things pleasant for that power in front of the throne, Baby McKee. The sage Lieutenant is now on his way to the Judge Advocate-General of the Navy's post with the highest pay of a captain, \$4,500.

SPOTLETS.

Dothan, Ala., is a peaceful enough town until moved. This happened yesterday over a license matter, and two men are dead and five badly wounded.

Henry Baltimore, a melancholy Baltimore bookkeeper, took five bottles of laudanum to send him to his last long sleep.

Government officers have seized 5,000,000 gallons of whiskey at Lynchburg, O. Lucky that Uncle Sam isn't a bit of a relative.

Oh, now the man who's held delirious in jumping from the roof. And, spring some lions, torpid sty, to smother him with a broom.

Twelve hundred boomerangs have descended on Pierre, S. D., by special train, and not more enough is left in the town to turn a real estate bargain, over in before closing it.

It was yesterday that poisoned twenty borders in Woodbury yesterday. Had the brave heard of the Oyster Trust?

Nothing shows more plainly the attitude of a great party on the whiskey question than the fact that Frank Carroll, Republican leader in the Fifth District, missed seventy-five gallons of his best brand.

Fund Wife—What are you worrying about this evening?

Blushed (a young lawyer)—An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder, and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man or to still alive.

Louis Linn, having spent sixteen years in the Indiana prison for killing his wife's paramour, comes out, and severely, to find his wife dead, her property divided among her children, and a divorce on file which he procured without his knowledge two years before he killed his man.

BIG BILLIARD MATCHES.

BALK-LINE AND CUSHION-CAROM TOURNEYS BETWEEN CHAMPIONS.

Two Series of Games in America and Two in France—Brooklyn Ladies Form a Bowling Club—Columbia College Football Games and Other Projected Athletic Contests.

An international billiard match of the biggest kind is projected for this Winter. An interview with Billiardist Sloson last evening revealed the scope of the magnificent project.

"Four Americans and four Frenchmen will compete in four tournaments," said Mr. Sloson. "One tournament will take place in New York, one in Chicago, and the other two at Brussels and Paris. The New York tournament will be first on the list. The American team will be composed of Stetson, Daly, Schaefer and myself. Our French competitors will be Vignaux, Garnier, Bean and Piot. Each contestant will play on his own book and will put up \$500, making \$4,000 sweepstakes. Besides this, there will be an added purse of \$1,000. The style of games played will be balk line and cushion carrom, two tournaments at each style.

"Each tournament will occupy three days, a game being played each afternoon and another in the evening—a total of twenty-eight games, and half of each day will be devoted to the game to be for 600 points. The balk-line tournaments will be handicapped. They will be arranged that Vignaux, Stetson and Bean will play on a fourteen-inch line; Daly, Schaefer and Piot, ten-inch; Stetson and Bean, eight-inch. Both ladies will be handicapped on the table. Each man contests once with each of the others.

The Ladies of billiards ought certainly to be satisfied with such a list. Mr. Sloson practices both the fourteen-inch line and cushion-carrom styles every afternoon and evening.

The Inland Game Club will hold social reunions during the Winter in order to keep alive the spirit of the club.

There is a good prospect that next Summer there will be some billiarding by sea. It is current rumor that the big fellows who handle the billiard will meet in a grand sweepstakes race.

The Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association has decided to hold regular entertainments of an entertaining character throughout the Winter.

James E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, was called upon yesterday to decide a question as to "Ham King's" amateur standing. He telegraphed to the Columbia Athletic Club, of Washington, which King is a member, that Samuel is in every respect O. K.

An interesting feature of the Allerton Athletic Club games next Saturday at the Manhattan Grounds will be the attempt of A. B. George to break the four-mile record.

Bowling has always been popular in Brooklyn, even with the ladies. The Bowling Circle in the name of a new organized ladies' club in the City of Churches.

The shot, hammer and weight match between A. Jordan and Malcolm Ford for a \$100 prize is now an assured fact. Articles are to be signed next week for the contest, which will take place at the athletic games of the Outing Club on Election Day.

W. H. Caldwell, one of the cracks of the Elizabeth wheelmen in days gone by, announces his intention of once more wearing the racing colors of the Club.

The College of the City of New York and the Prospect football teams play a match game next Saturday.

"Why, yes, of course it is true that Sullivan is willing to fight any one," said one of the big fellows' intimates last evening. "But that is not news. He is no exception right after his fight with Kilrain. But it will be remembered that he also said at that time that he would beat only with gloves and before a club. Of course he has kept open his offer the last July, to pay the expenses of any of the British pugilists over here if one of them would consent to meet him."

Sullivan opens his exhibition tour at Troy next Monday night. He is now in Boston.

John T. Vallejo, Sporting Editor of the Brooklyn "Civic" will be tempted to the city from his newspaper work during the Sullivan tour, as he has accepted the position of press secretary to the Sullivan tour.

It will be noticed that he has already assumed his new duties.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

"We won't nominate a candidate for Senator in the Seventh District," said John E. Brodsky, John J. O'Brien's able lieutenant, to-day. "The John J. O'Brien Association can't go to anything in this campaign that can't carry through to a successful termination."

Charles H. Duffy is the Tammany candidate for Alderman in the Eighteenth District. He is a dealer in coal and wood at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street.

The John J. O'Brien Association has been invited by the Civic League of the City of New York to participate in the meeting of the latter to be held in Grand Opera-House Hall to-night.

The Harlem Democratic Club and the Harlem Republican Club hold meetings this evening. No. 125 West Houston street has been chosen for the headquarters of the Fifth Assembly District Republican organization.

To-day is the second day of registration. The Boards of Registry will sit until 9 o'clock P. M.

The Executive Committee of the New York State League of Democratic Clubs will meet at the Hoffman House Monday, Oct. 21.

Ex-President Cleveland is said to have offered his services in behalf of the Democratic State ticket. He may preside at a big mass-meeting which is contemplated.

All of the Democratic candidates for State officers are in the city. They are present to discuss the outlook with Chairman Griffin and his Executive Committee.

LA MODE.

La Toque comes of ivory wood, with trimmings of carved gold and silver, are used by fashionable ladies in stepping from the carriage, especially when the pavement is wet and slippery or the night dark. Margaret Mather, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Richard Lord, Mrs. Langtry, Estelle Clayton and Ada Hahne have the latest and most elegant.

New gloves of an ultra character are stitched with colored threads that have been boiled with sweet herbs. The perfume is as lasting as the kid leather.

Mrs. Frank Leach wears black leather boots with tips and laces of silver.

Butterflies, bees, beetles and humming-birds made of paste are used for the decoration of house dresses. In the same line of trimming conventionalized birds and flowers are shown in kind and tinsel cloth.

Gauzelets are not worn in the saddle. Driving gloves of mousquetaire length made of heavy kid allurred in one of the tan shades is the proper style.

The only explanation that I could find for this winter's performance is that one of the shots glanced off from the trunk of a car and struck the snipe, which must have been flying with reference to the spot from where it shot.

A 300-Yard Shot at a Quail.

In condensed form I give your readers a remarkable long shot to a quail. Eight winters ago while visiting relatives in Carroll County, Md., to settle an early breakfast I took my breech-loader and a few loaded shells and started through a deep-drifted snow for quail or bunny. I found the tracks of an early cover of quail for pretender, and a few moments later saw a large hawk rise from a branch at least 300 yards from where I was and sail across an adjoining field with a quail in his talons.

Instantly I fired, more to scare the hawk out of the neighborhood. It dropped the quail, which fell in a soft drift, and I found it there alive, blinking and begging for mercy.

This 300-yard shot with a 12-gauge breech-loader and a single shot and I think, phenomenal, if it does not take the cake. A. B. E.

WIND cold and disagreeable in children cured by MOORE'S TEething POWDER, 10 cents.

WONDERFUL SHOTS FIRST IN THE FRAY.

"Evening World" Competitors Tell of Dog and Gun Experiences.

Securing a Wagon Load of Ducks Without a Shot Being Fired.

Reminiscences That Are Interesting and Sometimes Startling.

A Whole Wagon Load of Ducks.

To the Editor: I don't want to be too previous, for I know that hunting men will lie. It's their failing, and I hope you will hold this back and alter the figures to suit the emergency, for I've forgotten the exact number.

It was just at the close of Indian Summer, when I started for Black Pond, in the lake district of this State, on a duck hunt. I had a good dog, first-class gun and a big same-bag. But I had no time for either. I went to sleep in a hut in the woods.

During the night the wind changed, and when I woke up in the morning I found the ducks there was no sign of them. I stepped to the door and there was no sign of them. I stepped to the door and there was no sign of them. I stepped to the door and there was no sign of them.

To make a long story short, I went on the ice and broke off their legs and carried them to the shore. I had a whole wagon load of ducks. I had a whole wagon load of ducks. I had a whole wagon load of ducks.

Swallow Hunting in Abington Square.

To the Editor: I ask because it has come to be a regular sport around Abington Square Park to "hunt" for the little rascals.

The weapon used is generally a broom. A man with a good broad broom and plenty of patience can bring down a swallow almost any time of day.

But the evening is the best time, just when the birds are taking their exercise before going to roost. They soar gracefully through the air, whirling about in a circle, and then they come down and land on the broom. I have seen a man bring down a swallow almost any time of day.

Didn't Hit the Biggest Game.

To the Editor: I want that prize. I never had but one hunting experience in my life, but it ought to take the bun. My pigeons were being destroyed by some animal that only mutilated them. Every morning I found two or three of the birds all torn and mangled on the ground near the woodshed, on which the doves were roosting.

So I lay in wait one night with a revolver. While I was waiting I saw a man enter the woodshed and go to the door. I saw a man enter the woodshed and go to the door. I saw a man enter the woodshed and go to the door.

He came out with a broom. I saw a man enter the woodshed and go to the door. I saw a man enter the woodshed and go to the door. I saw a man enter the woodshed and go to the door.

Eight Sparrows at a Clip.

To the Editor: I am a Western Union lineman, and I had noticed when at my work up in the air that the sparrows delighted in perching on the wires. I always carry a pistol, and one day one of the men up the pole with me saw the gun sticking out of my hip pocket.

He said to me: "Birds on the wires, and the other fellow says to me: 'I'll bet you a dollar you can't hit that bird with your pistol, Bill.'"

The bird was about six feet away, the nearest of a number of them, and he was wildly sociable and easy.

He came within ten feet of me. I out with my pistol and banged away, but there was a shower of them falling, and when I went down I found eight sparrows on the ground, and one of them with a pistol hole in him. I suppose they had been sitting all in a row on that wire, but I couldn't identify that first bird, and so I lost the bet.

Yours truthfully, WILLIAM T. M.

How One Shot Struck Two Extremities.

To the Editor: A friend of mine, Count Bigbluff, told me at the supper table how he had shot a deer, and that the fatal ball struck the animal both in the head and in the hind.

We could not help expressing our doubts, and to prove his story he called for the deerkeeper, who had been eye-witness of this affair, according to the Count's statement.

The trusty servant entered, and when confronted with the story he said: "The deer was lying on the ground, and when I saw the bullet striking his head, I saw the bullet striking his head."

Shooting a Bear at Long Range.

To the Editor: The truthfulness of the following can be substantiated by several eye-witnesses.

Not many years ago, with a party of five, I went to the mountains of Northern New York State. We followed the track of a bear all day hoping to get a chance at him. Finally we separated, and I went on alone, and found the tracks of a bear.

After I had gone about a mile I came upon the fresh tracks in the snow. The tracks led up to the door of a house, and I saw the bear's head and paws in the snow. I saw the bear's head and paws in the snow. I saw the bear's head and paws in the snow.

When about half a mile from the house and on a level plain I saw a light in the distance. I saw a light in the distance. I saw a light in the distance.

By this time my companions had come up, and we heard a loud report and saw a large bear. We heard a loud report and saw a large bear. We heard a loud report and saw a large bear.

We hurried back to the house, and at the fireplace we found a two-hundred-pound bear. We hurried back to the house, and at the fireplace we found a two-hundred-pound bear. We hurried back to the house, and at the fireplace we found a two-hundred-pound bear.

"Carrom" Shot at a Snipe.

To the Editor: The following story will be credited by your readers, especially by those that are familiar with the game of billiards: One very frosty November morning I whistled for my pointer, Juno, and slung my gun over my shoulder to try to bag some woodcock or snipe.

Soon Juno raised two crows. I fired both barrels, killing the two birds in front of me. After picking them up I saw the dog pointing in the same direction, about three rods from where I stood while I shot. Getting my gun ready I advanced, but no bird rose. I found a crippled snipe lying on the ground.

The only explanation that I could find for this winter's performance is that one of the shots glanced off from the trunk of a car and struck the snipe, which must have been flying with reference to the spot from where it shot.

TAMMANY'S COUNTY TICKET CONFRONTS THE RIVAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Frank T. Fitzgerald's Nomination as Register a Surprise.

The County Democracy's Convention Will Start a Hot Local Fight.

"There is no slate," was Chamberlain Croker's declaration, and now after the result of Tammany Hall's County Convention he points to the candidates and asserts its truth.

Frank T. Fitzgerald's nomination was the surprise of the Convention. The County Democracy Convention meets next, and with its action and the citizens' meeting.

There was nothing more, and the damsel, who appears to be the spokesman for the couple, brightened no end. "I am twenty-nine years old and Mr. Burns is forty. We want to be married and go away about our business."

But Mrs. Jackson is too wary a bird to be caught with chaff, and he decided that, as she possessed but \$30 between them, he would devote his efforts to the cause.

An Evening World reporter found them this morning separated by the partition that divides the table from the female wails of the little hospital.

He, a big, brawny, black-bearded man, was checked right and left by a pair of nurses. He was a "Knight of the Doleful Countenance," and a "Knight of the Doleful Countenance," and a "Knight of the Doleful Countenance."

Well, sir, she said, "I was married to Stephen Longley in England last March, but I was in the hospital, and my people didn't know I was married."

Longley is a musician, or a gardener, or well, he can do many things. He was in the hospital, and my people didn't know I was married."

I got the tickets and gave the wrong names to my people. I got the tickets and gave the wrong names to my people. I got the tickets and gave the wrong names to my people.

Why did you talk about marrying him?" "I did not," she said. "I didn't want to marry him. I did not want to marry him. I did not want to marry him."

He was too good to keep him in this place, but I don't care. He was too good to keep him in this place, but I don't care. He was too good to keep him in this place, but I don't care.

But in "Richelieu," Bulwer's famous play, presented last night for the second time at the Broadway Theatre, Mme. Modjeska is hardly to be compared to the role of Julie de Mortimer. It is one that is hardly suited to Modjeska's abilities. It is as the woman and not as the girl that she is most felicitous.

Even the scene in the third act, when with flashing eyes and heaving bosom she tells Richelieu of the brutal cowardice of King Louis XIII., there was but little convincing strength in the narrative. I recall Modjeska's superb work as Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," when she has a scene with Angelo, in which the same outraged feelings are called forth.

In "Richelieu" Edwin Booth has most of the honors to himself, and how great and far-reaching these honors are I think that most theatre-goers know. His impersonation of the crafty cardinal has become something of a household word. It is changed in no essential respect, nor does it show the least sign of that contempt which is supposed to be the outcome of excessive familiarity.

Otis Skinner as Adrian de Mauprat is effective, although perhaps a trifle lacking in serenity. Mr. Skinner appears to be on springs. Charles Hefling is the Count de Baradas with unctious dignity. Charles Kocher's sketch of De Berthelme is a very neat little bit of work, and the Huguet of James Taylor is discreet and pleasing.

"Richelieu" is admirably put upon the stage. There are none of the slipshod accessories to which stars, in their contempt for spectacular devices, sometimes fall victims. Richelieu's castle at Ruelle and the room in the Cardinal's chambers are artistically interesting. The costumes also bear the gloss of novelty, and are moreover very handsome. Mme. Modjeska's gown is a poem of charming simplicity.

THE RAIN COULD NOT STOP THEM.

Macy & Co.'s Was Crowded Yesterday—The Upholstery Department.

Yesterday was opening day for a number of the departments at Macy & Co.'s well-known emporium, at Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, and despite the weather the great store was crowded with shoppers. The new upholstery department on the third floor was one of the numerous centres of attraction. Some of the most beautiful and costly of the goods which make a specialty of upholstery, are offered in a large line of goods at greatly reduced prices, depending upon rapid sales and small profits to realize the value of the stock.

The children's suit department carries an extensive line of suits, and on the first floor from one and one-half years up to twelve, and in the cloak department proper are shown all grades and varieties of capes, directors and wraps, in seal skin, plush and cloth.

"I'm in a pickle," remarked a young employee at the store. "I've been expecting for some time that you'd get into a pickle," was the rather forbidding reply.

EXPENSED IT.

(From the Atlantic City News.)

"I'm in a pickle," remarked a young employee at the store. "I've been expecting for some time that you'd get into a pickle," was the rather forbidding reply.

LEAVENING POWER

Of various Baking Powders, shown from actual tests by late Govt. Chemist, Prof. E. G. LOVE.

ROYAL (Absolutely Pure).....127.4
Borden's (Phosphate, with fresh).....128.5
Borden's (Phosphate, old).....128.7
Hansford's (Phosphate, with fresh).....121.6
Hansford's (Phosphate, old).....121.8
Hansford's (Phosphate, old).....121.9
Coca-Cola's.....107.9
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Prof. E. G. LOVE's report shows that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

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GARDENER BRYAN AN UNWILLING ELOPER.

With His Master's Daughter.

Detained at Castle Garden at Major Le Hunt's Request.

Mamie's Big Brother on His Way Here from County Wexford Full of Wrath.

Stephen Bryan and Miss Le Hunt, otherwise Mrs. Stephen Longley, are detained at Castle Garden, but though they came as lovers they are ruthlessly kept separate from each other.

They arrived at this point on the Ananias, on which vessel they had figured as Mr. and Mrs. John Burns.

They were confronted with a telegram from Major George Le Hunt, gentleman, of Artram Manor, four miles from the town of Wexford, County Wexford, saying that his fair young daughter had eloped with the gardener, and that Mary's big brother, George Le Hunt, Jr., would be in New York to wrest her from the arms of her guilty lover, on the Germanic, due here Friday.

There was nothing more, and the damsel, who appears to be the spokesman for the couple, brightened no end. "I am twenty-nine years old and Mr. Burns is forty. We want to be married and go away about our business."

But Mrs. Jackson is too wary a bird to be caught with chaff, and he decided that, as she possessed but \$30 between them, he would devote his efforts to the cause.

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